Quee. *Berowne* did sweare him selfe out of all suite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my seruice, and his sword,
No poynt (quoth I) my seruant, straight was mute,
Kath. Lord *Longauill* said I came ore his hart:
And trow you what he calde me?
Quee. Qualme perhapt.
Kath. Yes in good faith.
Quee. Goe sicknes as thou art.
Ros. Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute Caps.
But will you heare; the King is my Loue sworne.
Quee. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted Fayth to me.
Kath. And *Longauill* was for my seruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as sure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madame, and prettie mistresses giue eare,
Immediatly they will againe be heere,
In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,
They will digest this harsh indignitie.
Quee. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like sweete Roses, in this sommer aire.
Quee. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:
Dismaskt, their dammaske sweete commixture showne,
Are Angels varling cloudes, or Roses blowne.
Quee. Auaunt perplexitie, What shall we do,
If they returne in their owne shapes to woe?
Ros. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduisde,
Lets mocke them still as well knowne as disguysde:
Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,
Disguysd like *Muscouites* in shapeles geare:
And wonder what they were, and to what ende
Their shallow shows, and Prologue vildly pende,
And their rough carriage so rediculous,
Should be presented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand,
Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land, *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God saue you: Wher's the Princesse?
Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maiestie commaunde me any seruice to her thither,
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Berow. This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Pease,
And vtters it againe when God dooth please.
He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares:
At Wakes and Wassels, meetings, markets, Faires,
And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with such show.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeue,
Had he bin *Adam* he had tempted *Eue*.
A can carue to, and lispe: Why this is hee
That kist his hand, a way in courtisie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Mounsier the nice,
That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes; nay he can sing
A meane most meanely, and in hushering,
Mende him who can, the Ladies call him sweete.
The staires as he treades on them kisse his feete.
This is the flowre that smyles on euery one.
To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone,
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.
King. A blister on his sweete tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bero. See where it comes. Behauiour what wert thou?
Till this mad man shewed thee, and what art thou now?
King. All haile sweete Madame, and faire time of day.
Quee. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceaue,
King. Construe my spaches better, if you may.
Quee. Then wish me better, I will giue you leaue.
King. We came to visite you, and purpose now,

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